Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pocky corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares,

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lyppes that I haue kiſt I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhon i'th earth?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo: pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hora. Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth wee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

They not ſtoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd t
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the w
O that that earth which kept the w
Should patch a wall t'expell the wa
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here come
The Queene, the courtiers, who is
And with ſuch maimed rites? this c
The corſe they follow, did with de
Foredoo it owne life, twas of ſome
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very no

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Doct. Her obſequies haue beer
As we haue warranty, her death w
And but that great command ore-
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitabl
Flints and peebles ſhould be throv
Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be do

Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice o
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt t
As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee ch
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſte
When thou lyeſt howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, fare
I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue beene
I thought thy bride-bed to haue
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe